Sizzle

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/47928331.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Adam (2009), Charlie Countryman (2013), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Adam Raki, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Domestic Fluff, unresolved sex scene
Language:	English
Series:	Part 30 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-17 Words: 445 Chapters: 1/1

Sizzle

by sourweather

Summary

One word prompt: Sizzle

Adam makes breakfast for Nigel. Ni is very appreciative <3

Notes

This is another 30 minute warmup! I know I should maybe just put all of these as chapters in the same fic, but I personally really don't like it when writers do that idk. thoughts?

thanks to my follower EmSig for the word 'Sizzle!'

See the end of the work for more notes

“Morning, doll.”

Adam hums in a lazy greeting, nudging at the bacon bubbling in its own grease with his spatula for no particular reason. Nigel wraps his arms around him from behind, nuzzling at the side of Adam’s neck affectionately. The press of his lips against Adam’s skin is gentle, aimless.

“You makin’ breakfast for me?” he prods, and Adam wrinkles his nose.

“Obviously. You know that I don’t like bacon. I just put a pot of coffee on for you, too.”

Nigel grins where he’s still tucked away, kissing him again. “You’re spoiling me rotten. How’d I get so lucky, hm?”

Luck has nothing to do with it, as far as Adam’s concerned. “I like cooking for you.”

“Yeah?”

Adam nods. “Even if I don’t like most of the things I end up making, the process of cooking is very satisfying.” He smiles down at the pan, enjoying the feeling of Nigel’s body draped along his back. “And I like seeing you eat it. It makes me feel… proud, to know that I’m giving something back to you.”

Nigel’s hold on him squeezes tighter for a moment. “Angel,” he whispers emphatically. “That’s what you are, a fucking angel. But you don’t have to give shit back to me. You don’t owe me anything.”

“But you’re so good to me,” Adam argues. “I want you to know that I appreciate it.”

The older man doesn’t reply. Just goes back to peppering Adam’s neck with kisses. It only takes a few seconds for them to turn looser, hotter. Nigel’s fingers sneak beneath Adam’s shirt, trailing upwards until his left hand brushes Adam’s nipple.

Adam breathes out a laugh. “Ni,” he scolds.

“You’re good to me, too, doll,” Nigel says, lifting his head so that the words are spoken against Adam’s ear. He shudders, and Nigel nibbles on his earlobe. “I should be showing you how much I fucking appreciate it, don’t you think?” His body presses closer, hips against Adam’s. He’s hard.

Nigel rolls Adam’s nipple between his fingers, his right hand trailing down. Adam moans softly when Nigel palms at his cock, quickly coming to life under the older man’s touch. He gasps, his eyes fluttering shut. Nigel grinds against him, lips returning to his throat.

A rogue bead of bacon fat leaps from the pan, then, landing on Adam’s arm. Adam jumps, hissing in pain.

“You okay?” Nigel asks, and Adam playfully pushes him away.

“Don’t distract me while I’m cooking,” he warns.

Nigel doesn’t seem to take the warning very seriously. He licks his lips, looking down at the bulge in Adam’s sleep pants. “After breakfast?” he asks, and Adam giggles.

“After breakfast.”

End Notes

and of course thanks as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support <3

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